

Barret repeated the parts she had told to Rosamond, and, much relieved, Mrs. Staunton dismissed her, cautioning her at the same time to tell no more of it to the young girl, and Barret wondered exceedingly.

The lady was satisfied on this point. Her companion knew of Millicent's disgrace and lost inheritance, but she did not know of that dream of the Judge's and its subsequent outcome. So if she would repeat it to her mother, or had already done so, Millicent was not aware of her father's changed dispositions towards her, and Mrs. Staunton hoped much from it.

It was easy now, to account for the young girl's beauty and talents, and the refinement that from their first acquaintance she knew could only have come to her through the good blood that ran in her veins. All that she marvelled at was that she had not recognized the truth before, but as it was it was annoying enough.

Just then the Dorane carriage drove up to the door, and with a smiling face, she felt far from wearing under present existing circumstances, she hastened down to receive her guests.

At the lunch table, she found it difficult to keep her eyes from her companion's face, holding as it did now, a new interest for her, but keeping all the time in pleasant conversation with her friends while she observed with a slight feeling of triumph how assiduously Mr. Cyrus Dorane was devoting his time and attentions to the daughter of the wandering Millicent. Rosamond, knowing nothing of what was taking place within her mistress, wished the lunch was over, and Mr. Dorane, and his nice blandishments, a hundred leagues away.

Mrs. Dorane, from her place on Judge Staunton's right, too, was observing her son, and she was not at all in sympathy with him. Though she was always gracious to Miss Raymond, she did not desire a nearer acquaintance with her, either on her own part or that of her family more than they already had with her as Mrs. Staunton's companion, for Mrs. Dorane was a proud lady of New York aristocracy.

Lunch over, it was arranged that the whole party should start for the Drill

Hall, where a bazarre was being held for help of the poor, with the exception of two persons, and they were Miss Staunton and Miss Raymond.

The heiress excused herself on the plea that she had promised to ride with Mr. Everett, and Rosamond pleaded a headache, much to the disappointment of Mr. Dorane, who had been counting very much on her going.

Mrs. Staunton knew by the young girls' heavy eyes that her headache was not a pretended one, so she did not insist nor urge her accompanying them, and of course her daughter was free to do as she pleased.

An hour or so after the party had started for the Drill Hall, Beatrice and her lover went off on their ride, and Rosamond was left to her own devices.

Towards evening she went over to see Mrs. Williams, then slipped down to St. Mary's, for her visit to the blessed Sacrament, encountering on the way Everett and Beatrice returning from their ride.

The heiress bowed and smiled, and her lover doffed his hat, while his eyes rested in an unusually admiring way on Rosamond's fair face.

She had scarcely reached the church door, when she heard the clatter of his horses' hoofs on the hard, frosty ground returning over the road again, but without looking back she entered the sacred vestibule, and with other worshippers, who had come before her, was soon wrapt in her devotions, so much so that she did not hear the door open immediately after her, and the figure of a man who occupied such a high place in her estimation came in.

What power, what unknown influence had drawn Bruce Everett thus? He the pessimist on religion, the man who from his earliest years had never remembered bending his knee to God, and why had he come for the first time in his life into a Catholic place of worship? These were the questions he felt like asking himself, and perhaps he found his answer in the slender kneeling figure ahead of him, as he watched the golden head bowed in its attitude of prayer, and the white fingers counting the beads of a white pearl rosary.

Could it be that Mrs. Staunton's com-